Leighton-Stone-Air,

A

POEM.

OR A

Poetical Encomium

ON THE

Excellency of its SOIL, Healthy AIR, And Beauteous SITUATION.

Together with some Historical Hints, both Antient and Modern, on its Noble Prospects, and adjacent Forrest of *Eppen*.

Also a Pindarick ODE on Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy*.

Humbly Dedicated

To the Worthy Encouragers of the *Latin* Boarding-School, newly Erected in *Leighton-Stone*;

By the Author, *J. H.* M.A.

LONDON,

Printed for *A. Baldwin* near the Oxford-Arms in *Warwick-Lane*. 1702.

To the Worthy Encouragers of the SCHOOL.

NOT to haraſs the Readers Patience with the fatigue of a long Preface (the following Rhapſody being but too culpable for its Length) the Author craves leave in ſhort, to intimate his earneſt Deſire of Re-undertaking his former Belov'd Employ, of inſtructing Youth; in the Management of which, as he always took an inexpreſſible Delight, ſo ſince his diſuſe of the ſame, he has not a little coveted again the Diverſion, he ever found in it peculiar to his Temper; there being no ſtate of Life more agreeable to his Inclination, than the Proſperity of a flouriſhing School. This then being the Reaſon of his preſent Dedication, he aſſumes the Liberty of aſſuring his Encouragers, that all due Care ſhall be taken, both by himſelf, and Maſters of all ſorts, to anſwer the expected Progreſs of young Gentlemen in all their Accompliſhments, viz. *in* Latin, Greek, French, Writing, Arithmetick, Merchants-Accompts, Mathematicks, Muſick, *and* Dancing: *For the copious performance of which, as he has provided very valuable Inſtructors, ſo he is no leſs happy both in the ſweetneſs of the Air, and large Conveniencies of a Noble Capacious Houſe in this* * *Place, choſen Both particularly for that purpoſe. Which Undertaking, if it pleaſes God to bleſs with a ſuitable Succeſs, the Author will think himſelf ſufficiently oblig'd at ſpare times, to purſue his laborious Enterprize of new modelling the* Engliſh *and* Latin *Dictionaries; a Work, which the late Dr.* Littleton *was pleaſed to excite him to go through with; the Deſign of it being to furniſh Youth with a conciſe Method of attaining (and keeping in Memory) the whole* Copia *of both Tongues in a very reaſonable time. As for the Poem (which, he humbly owns, deſerves not that honourable Title) he intirely reſigns its numerous* Errata's *to the Courteous Pardon of his critical Readers, hoping they will make great Allowances for the viſible Deficiencies of one, who never had the Vanity to eſteem himſelf worthy of the Name of a Poet. All that he ſhall venture to ſay of it, is, that ſome Care has been taken to make the Verſe (which ought to be juſt* Iambic, *tho ſometimes a* Trôche *may ſtand in the firſt Place) anſwer the due quantities of the Words, according to the Rules of our Engliſh Proſodia, the Metre of which (he need not inform the Judicious) ought to be thus,* ⏑–⏑–⏑–⏑–⏑–, *or ſometimes thus,* –⏑⏑–⏑–⏑–⏑–.

* Leighton-Stone.

Leighton-Stone-Air,

A

POEM.

O MAY I, Fam'd Delicious [1] *Villa*, be
An inoffensive Poet unto thee,
As thou a sweet [2] *Mompelier* art to me!

[1] *Village*; Leighton, *here so called.*

[2] *A Town in South-France, famous for Air.*

HEALTH, the congenial Blessing of thy Clime,
Heav'ns Sov'rain Antepast of Bliss sublime,
Claims all the Numbers of my grateful Rhyme.

[3] Celestial Gift! If humble I may thee
Describe, I'de call thee Nature's Harmony;
No Musicks rapt'rous Strains, no Balmy Sweet,
The Birth of Spicy *Araby*, nor yet
The Gold-wrought Arras of the Lucid Sky,
Nor fragrant Nature's lower Tapestry,
With Wealth, with beauteous Pleasure too inwove,
Inspires our languid Breasts with Courtly Love,
If thou deny'st to tune the vital Lyre;
All jarring Discord, is one crazy Wire.

[3] *Health.*

And, if the barb'rous Piety of *Rome*,
A Goddess thee within thy hallow'd Dome
Inshrin'd with wreaking Hecatombs, all o're
Lav'd with the Incense of their purple Gore;

How juſt may'ſt, [1] *Salus*, thou my Rural Strain,
How juſt may Healthy *Leighton*'s *Eppen* Plain
Challenge the Labour of my Muſe's Brain!

Here, Lovely *Villa*, may I ever here,
Within the Odours of thy Hemiſphere
Proſp'rous intrench'd, indulged be to ſing
Thy Aromatick ever-verdant Spring!

So may the youthful Gales, that ſalient skim,
And hug away the liquid Pearls of *Thame*,
Pave with [2] *Aurora*'s ſilver Dews thy Dry,
And curb [3] quotidian the Sands, that fly
A wanton Vapor o're thy Summer Sky!

Such pity 'tis, ſuch pure Ætherial [4] Good,
A [5] Cloud, ye ſpicy Winds, ſo bold, ſo rude
(Not yet more frequent in her Clime beheld,
Than round the equal [6] *Trinobantian* Field)
Shou'd e're preſume to wound, or envious hide
Her [7] *Viſto*-Avenues on ev'ry ſide!

And, O dear [8] *Zephyr*, as the [9] Southern-Down,
Nature's triumphant Battlement, her Town
From [10] *Cantium*'s wilder Fogs ſecures on high;
(Unmixt their Rage with *Villa*'s Purity)
When e're thou view'ſt the far removed Eaſt
With ſome Tempeſtuous riſing Black o're caſt,
Lab'ring to reach the Zenith of her Day,
And drown with drizling Shade its beauteous Ray;
Be ſure thy airy Cavalry Thou charge
With counter-pointed [11] Energy of Rage
(But why this Mandate, Muſe? Salubrious [12] She
Unſtain'd, contemns the feeble Tyranny)

[1] *Goddeſs of Health among the old Romans.*
[2] *Morning.*
[3] *Daily.*
[4] *Air.*
[5] *Sand, Duſt.*
[6] *The Counties of Middleſex and Eſſex, antiently ſo call'd.*
[7] *Proſpects.*
[8] *Weſt-Wind,*
[9] *Black-heath.*
[10] *Kent.*
[11] *Vigor.*
[12] *Villa.*

Home to pale Death's inhoſpitable [1] Fen,
Remote to blow its ſawcy Pride again!

So ſure it is, no Rheums, nor aguiſh Froſt,
O'er *Villa*'s Soil unpuniſhed muſt coaſt;
Whilſt her long wiſht for noble Merchant here,
Or rich magnanimous Adventurer,
Return'd from *China*, or the [2] *Indian* Bay,
Or from the Frozen, or the Weſtern Sea,
Proſp'rous to bleſs his pleas'd expectant Fair,
Delights to ſip his *Villa*'s luſhious Air,
And ſit and count his golden Maſs of Care;

Or in ſerene imaginary [3] Plan
Draw his Memorial Dangers o're again;
As on the Oval Board he ſmiling leans,
And in his Conſort's twining Arms deſigns
The wandring Traverſe of his dubious way,
And here, and there, points out the boiſterous Sea.

May *Epſom*, *Tunbridg*, or the throng'd *North-Hall*,
Or *Bath*'s renowned Spaws, that tepid fall,
Sulphureous tinctur'd, or ſublim'd with Steel,
Loud boaſt their potent Eminence to heal;
Tho Epidemical my Muſe they kill!

Give me a Gen'rous and Refined Air,
Serenely freſh, my Muſe, intenſely rare;
Such, as ſalubrious *Villa*'s Breezes blow,
Vivid and Pure; no Phyſic elſe I'de know.

From Air alone it is our Breath muſt have
Its prime ſupply of Life Derivative.

Raw ſqueamiſh Waters but dilute our Clay,
And waſh its flitting Particles away.

[1] *Hundreds in Eſſex, ſeveral Miles to the Eaſt of Villa.*

[2] Bengale.

[3] *Plat-form.*

Fermentive Drugs torment our grateful Eaſe,
Or leave a [1] *Focus* for ſome new Diſeaſe.

[1] *Incentive; a Phyſic Term.*

[2] Phlebotomy lets out the Gen'rous Soul;
The Blood's the Sovereign Quinteſſence o'th' Whole.

[2] *Blood-letting.*

Sure then an Air, from groſs Infection free,
Native impregnate with Salubrity,
The beſt, the chief of Empiricks muſt be.

Sweet *Villa*, had my Muſe the rapt'rous Pow'r
Of ſome fam'd *Latian* Bard that liv'd before;
Or could, by wond'rous Tranſmigration lent,
Seraphic [3] *Denham*'s Soul from Heaven ſent,
Permitted be to tune my humble Breaſt,
I'de paint thy Honour with the priding Beſt.

[3] *Author of the excellent Poem on Coopers Hill.*

Nor Pompous *Maro*, nor Keen *Flaccus* too,
Nor well-drawn *Coopers*-Hill ſhou'd Thee out-do,
In, or Heroic, or Pindaric Verſe,
Cou'd but my inharmonious Lyre expreſs
Thy Sweets co-equal to thy Happineſs!

——Thrice bleſt Intelligence Above!
That thus thy Providence Supreme ſhou'd move
My thoughtleſs Breaſt by ſome unſeen Decree,
To taſte of ſuch a fragrant Purity!

Dear Muſe, if e're thy Virtue would appear
In grateful Flames, it muſt, ſure muſt, be here:
No longer muſt Delightful *Leighton* be
Nameleſs, unſung in humble Poeſy.

Say, Courteous Muſe, how from the [4] wealthy Town,
Her Self a Colonized City grown,

[4] *London.*

She

She ſteals an eaſy diſtance to behold
[1] *Auguſta*'s *Phenix* Pinnacles of Gold;
As with their num'rous ſpangling Meteors, they
O're her Illuſtrious Weſt Horizon ſtray,
And mix below a Counter-milky way;
Forgetful almoſt of that baleful Fate,
When ſable Ruin revel'd o're her State;
Did not her pious Monumental Pile,
The Vocal Emblem of her Flagrant Ill,
Conſtant exhort the glittering Load below,
No more to urge th' [2] Empyreal Pow'rs to ſhow
Another ſuch unutterable Doom,
The dreary Vengeance of his wrathful Fume.

[1] *An antient Name of* London.

[2] *Heavenly.*

——— Stupendous [3] Obelisk of Fame!
How, when from *Villa*'s Plains thy lambent Flame,
And airy Blaze I view, can I forbear
To rain a ſilent ſympathetic Tear?

[3] *Monument.*

" Ah me! (I ſigh) and was it thus, thus high
" Yon poor *Auguſta*'s torrid Flames did fly?
" Thus riſe Luxuriant in the gloomy Sky?

" Yes, Muſe, I next; thus high her Pride did burn,
" Thus high her volant Flakes up-ſoar'd, to mourn;
" As with impetuous Swift tow'rds Heav'n they flew,
" It to petition to recool its Brow,
" And queneh the catching Influence below:
" Not higher roſe her Sighs, than thus her ſuppliant Woe.

Nor was (for Mercy ever gliſtens near
Celeſtial Juſtice, or intenſe Deſpair)
The Deity, my Muſe, relentleſs grown;
But with a reaſſum'd Compaſſion
Imbow'd the glowing Firmament Above,
And (ſuch its Energy of Sacred Love!)

Bad

Bad the desponding low dismantled Town
E'en triumph in her Desolation.

[1] *White Tower, vulgarly reported to be built by* Julius Cæsar.

Say, thou Majestick [1] Æquilat'ral Fort,
The Eastern Bulwark of *Augusta*'s Port!
For thy aspiring Battlements on high
Next on the Left from hence salute my Eye;

Say, *Rome*'s *Cæsarean* fam'd laborious Boast,
When Potent *Julius* rul'd the *Albion* Coast;
How thy griev'd Tow'rs stood the Spectators [then
Of sad *Augusta*'s flaming Specimen,
Themselves invelopt with tremendous Fear
At such a direful Conflagration near;
As round thy Lines the fiery Surges flew,
And o're thy Ramparts their thick Ardors threw!

Sad Day, Ineffable! If Day, my Muse,
[2] Job. And not the [2] *Uzzites* Night accurst it was;
When *Sol*'s effulgent Eminence, afraid
Such haughty Flames to view, shrank in his Head,
[3] *An* Halo *is a Circle round the Sun, Moon, or Stars.* [3] Halo'd around with dire Eclipse and Gloom,
As through the livid Deluges of Fume
He glar'd Sulphureous with his singed Rays,
Extinguish'd almost with *Augusta*'s Blaze,
Religious *Rome*'s curst sanctimonious Praise!

Ah Muse! What Horror then? What Dread? How loud
[4] *Lyons.* Th' Imperial [4] Sultans of the trembling Wood;
The foreign Captives of thy close *Bastile*,
Forgetful of their cicurized Smile,
And tame submissive Lenity before,
Catch'd from the bellowing Flames impetuous Roar
A new revived Sympathy of Flame,
Melting the Cement of thy quiv'ring Frame,

In

In kindling almoſt the ſulphureous Grain,
And Nitrous Horror of Thy Magazene.

O Search, Venerable Pile, Thy Records o're,
Or heaped Burdens of Thy membrane-Store;
And, if in ſome abſtruſer Archive Thou,
Deep buried in the Crowd immenſe below,
In ſtrange myſterious Characters (unknown
To all but *Monmouth*'s [1] Antiquary alone)
After much duſty Toil and Labour paſt,
Thou find'ſt the *Trojan* Narrative at laſt;
Or the ſtale Journal of *Aſcanian Brute*,
The feign'd Projector of Thy Lordly Fort;
Bid! Bid th' unravel'd Cyphers ſighing tell,
If ever, ever [2] *Ilium* thus fell!

But Theſe, my Muſe, We Fabulous eſteem;
Yet not a falſe pre-augurating Dream
It was in antique antedated Fame,
When firſt on poor *Auguſta*, early She,
By ſome divinely ominous Decree,
New *Troy* impos'd Her Name in Prophecy.

So True a flaming *Troy Auguſta* fell!
So True Her Phenix Beams Her former Rays excel!

But, O thou reſcu'd Miracle of Fame,
Had ſome commiſſion'd Pyramid of Flame,
Forth from its baleful Vortex volant ſhot,
Round with its fiery Drapery about
Thy [3] fell imboſomed *Veſuvian* Store
With rav'nous hoverings immantled o're;
And with its Volatile ingreſſive Heat,
——— Unſufferably Great,

[1] Geoffry *of* Monmouth, *in the Reign of* Hen. 2. *tells us of one* Brutus, *a* Trojan *by Deſcent, the Son of* Silvius, *Grand-child of* Aſcanius, *and great Grand-child of* Æneas, *that he conquer'd the Iſland, calling it* Britain, *from his own Name,* Anno Mund. 2855. *before Chriſt* 1108. *'Tis alſo ſaid, he ſtyl'd the City of* London *(in which he built the* Tower) New-Troy.

[2] Troy.

[3] *Gun-Powder.*

Sing'd Thy Elaſtic Peſtilence within;
How Great, Almighty Heav'ns, the Blow had been!

Not roaring *Ætna*'s ſuch (ſo vaſt!) when e're,
Scaring the lông long diſtant Mariner,
With loud ſonorous Belch He vomits round,
And paves with maſſy Fires the wither'd Ground.

Not Such the [1] Fragor, when in times of Yore,
As antient Dittys ſing, the [2] Vapor tore
The *Albion* Iſland from the *Gallic* Shore,
Pouring the Surges of the tepid South,
To melt a Tranſit through the Frozen Sloth
To, or cold [3] *Thule*, or the [4] *Obian* Mouth.

Sure ſuch had rather the juſt Emblem been
Of Heav'ns inſufferable Wrath Divine,
When Nature's gather'd [5] Sulphury within,
All with a roaring and ebullient Blaze
Around the Univerſe its Rage diſplays,
Laving the *Demons* with its odious Fume,
Conſign'd for ever to the parched Doom!

Bleſt Providence above! That thus His Brow,
Wrathful inlarg'd t' avenge the Town below,
Shou'd yet by ſome Self-penitence Divine,
Such heaped Myriads of Wo within
Thy full charg'd [6] Armory of Death immure,
And bid Thy Walls confront Their Fate ſecure!

O, if a Rural *Villa* may preſume;
Or thus an humble Muſe may Suppliant come,
And with *Auguſta*'s throng'd *Emporium*
Commix the grateful Ardors of Their Breaſt;
Long, Potent Bulwark, mount thy Airy Creſt!

[1] *Great Noiſe or Craſh.*

[2] *Antiquity tells us, The Eaſt of* Kent *was broke off from the Coaſt of* France *by an Earthquake.*

[3] Thule, *now* Iceland, *an Iſland in the* North *Seas.*

[4] *River* Obis, *running from North* Aſia *into the* Frozen-*Sea.*

[5] *Brimſtone.*

[6] *White* Tower *full of Powder.*

O long may *Villa* from her Champagn ſpy,
Long may rejoic'd *Auguſta* view the high
Secur'd Remains of Her Antiquity!

And when, O ne'er, Bright Capitol, refuſe!
(Thy Own's the Int'reſt of the *Auſtrian* Cauſe)
The long expected Eminent Expreſs,
Or from Rich *Belgia*, or the *Milaneze*,
Wings the Deciſive Victory o're *Gaul*,
Won by the Brave *Naſſaw*'s, or *Eugene*'s Soul,
Or *Rook*'s dread Proweſs, or fam'd *Marlborough*'s Sword,
Or *Bembo*'s roaring Sulphury abroad:
O may thy dazling Altitude on high
Unfurl Thy Standards gliſt'ring Blazonry,
And from the Brow of thy conſpicuous Fort
Toſs ſwift to *Villa*'s Plain the pleas'd Report!
And bid the Thunders of Thy loud *Baſtile*
Uſher the News ſucceſſive round the Iſle!

So may the Proweſs of thy [1] Magazene,
(If humble Sighs for *Auſtria* may obtain)
In active Chivalry abroad reſound!
So may in skilful Hands They ſurely wound,
As here with ſilent dread thy Weapons ſhine,
And Lethal ſtrike the Eye with glitt'ring Keen!

Thou vaſt impregnable *Mavortian* [2] Shrine!
(Or heareſt thou the Temple of Great *Janc?*)
If, or thy poinant Arras I relate,
Or count the Numbers of Thy Terrors, Great;
My wondring Muſe muſt needs thy Load rehearſe,
The radiant Mirror of the Univerſe.

Yet, pompous Treaſury of Beauteous War,
Were in thy Dome each daring Volunteer,

[1] *Armory.*

[2] *Armory, Temple of* Mars.

Pour'd

Pour'd in thick Cohorts from *Auguſta*'s Town,
(Swift levied by the Loyal [1] Conſul's Gown,
Or ſummon'd round wide *Albion*'s ready Iſle,
To ſlaſh ſham [2] *Perkin* and perfidious *Gaul*)
The heaped Muſters of Their eager Arms;
Conſtant devote to *Naſſaw*'s juſt Alarms,
But thus allow'd to faſten here; not Thy
Blazing Puiſſance, or Capacity
Cou'd, or Them e're excel, or yet contain
The Noble Luſtre of Their num'rous Train:
Nor leſs, than *Albion*'s Univerſe, can be
Sufficient for Her *Naſſaw*'s Armory.

So ſure Victorious They ever move,
Who temper Conduct with auſpicious Love!

But Muſe (not more the Traverſe of the Eye,
Than vagrant Poem, loves Variety)
With *Villa*'s View Thou ſally muſt from hence
To Royal [3] *Burſa*'s Weſtern Eminence!

Tune, Lyre, the wond'rous Origin and Cauſe!
Say, gentle Muſe, who Firſt, who Laſt, it was
Rais'd the Majeſtic Edifice thus High!
O ſing the Man; but firſt, the Mighty Reaſon why?

Tell me, Thou variegated Fame, and ſay,
If Thee, ſtupendous Thee, we credit may!
Was it ſome hollow low *Tartarean* [4] Yell,
Breath'd from the Center of deep *Ætna*'s Hell,
When, penſive leaving the becalmed Main,
Religious *Greſham* on the ſmoky Plain,
Bedew'd all over with ſucceſſive Sweat,
(Struck with the Rigors of th' appalling Fright,

[1] *Lord-Mayor.*

[2] *Prince of* Wales, *the reviv'd Impoſtor of* Henry *the* 7th's *Reign.*

[3] Royal-Exchange.

[4] *'Tis reported of Sir* Tho. Greſham, *the Founder of the* Royal-Exchange, *and of* Greſham *College, That going up to the top of Mount* Ætna, *he heard a dreadful Voice; Room, Room! the Great* Antonio's *come. The time of which entering into his Book, and going afterwards to* Palermo, *he found it to be the ſame Inſtant the rich* Antonio *died in it: Whereupon at his Return to* England, *Sir* Thomas (*as* Jelinger *to this Effect informs us*) *betook himſelf to a more than ordinary Contemplation and religious Temper.*

Horror his Breaſt, all Flame his wide ſtretch'd Eye,
Dread Ghaſtly Pale his Brow, a very Agony)
Down the Infernal Precipice of Night
Buried the Wonders of his prying Sight;
And there unutterable Accents heard,
——— (Thrice direful Dread!)
——————— Ineffable
For any daring *Albion* Muſe to tell!

Was it (ſpeak quiv'ring Lyre!) This doleful Grone
(Such Theirs, who to curſt Miſery are gone!)
Firſt mov'd his Breaſt to aliene away
The treach'rous Cumber of his Golden Clay,
Rather than with its meretricious Weight
Sunk from its ſoaring to the [1] Empyreal State,
His ever-loſt Ineſtimable [2] All,
Carv'd for ſome Nobler Bliſs Celeſtial,
Thus, Muſe, Ah thus immenſurably Low,
Implunge with poor undone *Antonio?*

[1] *Heavenly.*
[2] *Soul.*

Or was it ſome ſuperlative Degree
Of Publick Love and Pious Charity
Political firſt ſway'd the deep-brow'd Man
The Rich Excreſcence of his wealthy Gain,
Thus to *Auguſta*'s Glory to devote,
In ſome Religious Reſidence remote
Calmly content, my Muſe (Celeſtial He!)
With wealthier Vertues Sacred Privacy,
There to project the unambitious Plan
Of his Regal'd [1] Society Divine;

A Theme, my Lyre, ſo Accurate, So ſweet,
Grav'd by the ſtrict *Roſſenſi*'s Hand, ſcarce yet,

[1] *Royal Society, the Hiſtory of which the Learned Biſhop of Rocheſter has ineſtimably oblig'd the World with.*

[1] *The Bishop of Rochester's Pindarick on the Plague of Athens.*

Unless His [1] Own, the highest number'd Muse
E're in her loftiest Strains coequal rose
In Greatness with the Præsul's volant Prose!

What, Muse? And was it This just *Gresham*'s Breast,
The Magazene of [2] *Albion*'s Interest,
O're-sway'd, his Vertue, Wit, his Wealth, his A
At once unexemplary Liberal,
Thus on the Publick Grandure to bestow,
Himself inrich'd enough alone to view
His dear *Augusta*'s Eminence Serene
In Piety, in Arts and Traffick shine?

[2] England, *anciently so call'd.*

Yes, Muse! Or That, or This, or Both it was
Thus high sublim'd Majestic *Bursa*'s Rays,
More since imburnish'd with *Augusta*'s Flame,
Chymic refining Her improved Fame.

This, Muse, the Staple Cause the Basis laid
Of Rich *Augusta*'s comprehensive Trade!

Nor less than Such a *Bursa*'s Pompous State,
Capacious thus, thus eminently Great,
Beseems a Confluence so Large, become
The World's epitomiz'd [3] Emporium.

[3] *Mart.*

And, if progressive Piety may here
Her foreign Proselyting Growth declare,
May Sing in Holy Strains her conqu'ring Pow'r
(From Strait [4] *Magellan* to the Polar Shoar,
Or from scorch'd [5] *Ganges* to the [6] *Crybby* Isle)
O're *Molochs* batter'd Sorcerys of Hell;
With Vertuous Gratitude She needs must own
Her Holy Sanction's Exportation;

[4] *In* South-America.
[5] *River in* India.
[6] *In the* West-Indies.

Muſt needs aſcribe her vaſt diffuſive State
To *Burſa*'s Mercantile Apoſtolate.

Juſt Paraphraſe, and True, my Muſe, if Firſt,
(As ſurely firſt, yet with an humble Boaſt,)
The Pious Merchant Chriſtianiz'd Their Coaſt!

Bleſt Truth Divine! Witneſs thou Sacred Load,
Fam'd *Paul*'s, [1] *Eccleſia*'s High aſcending Cloud
Of fragrant Incenſe to the Throne of God!

[1] *Church.*

Hail, Thrice Celeſtial Pile! Thou pompous Brow,
Th' Angelic Reſidence of Heav'n below!
Bright Emblem of Thy Great Apoſtle, when
Struck with the Ardors of the Glorious Shine,
Heav'ns melted Victim to the Earth he fell,
Caught thence a Saint, calcin'd in Paradiſe to dwell!

Riſe thus, Triumphant Edifice, ariſe,
Religion's humbly proud Metropolis!
And, from the Aſhes of Thy Priſtin Doom
Thy Self a Convert Eminence become,
Inſtruct This earthly Heart to climb, like Thy
Aſpiring Beauty to the [2] Galaxy;

[2] *Heaven.*

But firſt inſpire its haughty Vapor, how
With humbled *Paul*, with humbled Thee to bow!
And from Thy exemplary [3] Patriarch's Plan
Of Nature's well decypher'd Death, it learn
With Holy Peace compos'd ſerene to die,
And riſe a Bliſsful Immortality!

[3] *The Reverend Dr. Sherlock's incomparable Treatiſe of Death.*

So may Heav'ns Great Omnipotence ſecure,
So He His Holy Court below immure
From Envy's rude aſſaſſinating Flame,
As thou direct it to the Great, *I am!*

Nor

Nor let unhallow'd Superſtition more,
Nor yet, Juſt God, a ſacrilegious Pow'r,
The Worſt of Conflagrations, ever wound
Thy Hallelujahs and Seraphic Sound,
Or unaveng'd tread Thy uncommon Ground!

Hover, thou dread Omniſcience Divine
Without, inſpire thy Spirit's Energy within!

And, when ſome keen ſulphureous Vapors fly,
Shot from the Chaſms of a broken Sky,
Threatning to riſle the Religious Load;
——————— Thrice Bleſſed God!
Or charge the rav'nous Meteor to retire,
And ſheath the Efflux of its ſpiral Fire;
Or inoffenſive let it Airy ride
Above the Danger of the [1] Pyramid!

[1] *Burnt down with Lightning, An. 1561.*

Yet with the Ardors of Celeſtial Flame,
Succeſſive copied from Thy Præſul's Fame,
And ever Living *Sherlock*'s Dying Theme,
Ever, Bleſt *Paul*'s, O ever may'ſt thou burn,
Like ſome unwaſting Taper in an Urn,
Or the Moſaick Buſh on *Sinai*'s Hill,
A wondrous unconſumed Miracle!

And now, my Muſe, if hence, more yet to Weſt,
Far ſunk beneath *Paul*'s High elated Creſt,
Thou view'ſt from *Villa*'s Plain (which ſcarcely Thou
Canſt there Conſpicuous, ſo far below
The Temples higher yet-acknowledg'd Sphere,
PHYSIC ſubmits its Vertuous Head to rear:
Yet if) on ſome intenſely lucid Day,
Deck'd with a brighter and uncommon Ray,

Not

Not much above the Horizontal Line
Of fam'd *Auguſta*'s lower Heap Divine,
Thou ſpy'ſt a glittering [1] Ball, a ſeeming Sun
Gilding with new-ſhorn Beams the Region,
And wondreſt at its comprehenſive Blaze;

[1] *On the top of the College of Phyſicians.*

Great *Æſculapius* Shrine, my Muſe, it is,
Mounting His Sovereign Medic [2] Or Serene,
The Healthy Genius of the *Albion* Plain!

[2] *Gold.*

Hither, my Muſe, when in thy home-ſpun Veſt
Somewhat above a vulgar Laughter dreſt;
(Tho n'er Thou can'ſt pretend to flame it e're
A Beau in bright *Auguſta*'s Hemiſphere)

Howe're, tho Courſe yet Clean I charge Thee go!
Ne'er ſhrink, my baſhful Toy, it muſt be ſo:
And, when from thence Thy pleas'd inchanted Eye
Has raviſh'd all the Curioſity,
Among the *Medic* Cenſors next inquire
(Too Courteous They to ſcorn Thy juſt Deſire)
For lepid *R*—— or the *Oxonian* Sage
G—— the Glories of the wond'ring Age,
Fam'd equal for the Muſe's Patronage.

Soon, Muſe, of ſuch diſtinguiſh'd Wits Thou'lt hear,
Or 'mongſt th' Anatomiſts deſcrying there
In Nature's Microcoſm ſome new found Clime,
The latent Myſt'ry of old *Galen*'s time;

Or with Learn'd *Harvey*'s Bold *Columbus*-Muſe,
Around the [3] Circulating Seas they cruiſe,
Viewing the Proceſs of the Crimſon Gore,
[4] A Theme, Thy artleſs Hand has rudely hammer'd o're.

[3] *Circulation of the Blood.*

[4] *Deſign'd for the Preſs.*

Or, if not here, in the *Botannic* School
Of *Eden*'s various Vegetables full
[1] *Foreign.* [2] *Grew's Anatomy of Plants.*
Some ſtrange [1] Exotic Plant, (unknown to [2] *Grew*,
The Birth of *China*, or remote *Peru*,)
Diſſecting They are got; or newly hence
(So vaſt Their Skill! ſo fam'd Their Sapience!)
To the Laborious Chymic Office gone
In queſt of Nature's Philoſophic Stone.

But if, my Muſe, here diſappointed Thou,
To the Divine Diſpenſary next go;
Undoubted there (ſo Eminent Abroad,
So Large their Pity to the Languid Croud!)
Amidſt the Poor, Conſumptive, Halt and Blind
With Heaven's Phyſician here below Thou'lt find
Them Their unequall'd Skill diſperſing free,
From Heav'n alone expectant of a Fee.

Hither when come; be ſure, a Work ſo Good,
With no or'e haſty or untimely Rude
Thou hinder, or diſturb the lab'ring Poor;
Afflicted Theſe firſt claim Their Suit before.

Wait! wait a while! And when ſome proſp'rous Hit
Preſents a Minute Critical and fit;
Gently-ſubmiſſive Thy Petition ſteal,
And lay it ſoft before Their courteous Smile.

Nor fear with modeſt Courage to declare
The noble Efflux of Thy *Leighton*-Air,
" —— Unimitable Sages, ſay!
" From whoſe fam'd Pow'rs the Taper of our Day
" Derives the Fund of its ſucceſſive Ray!

" So

" So may the Potent Influence above
" Proſper, ſucceed Your Bleſt diſpenſing Love!
" So may Divine Intelligence reveal
" The yet *Arcanas* of Your *Medic* Skill;
" As humble *Villa*'s ſalutary Plain
" Your *Æſculapian* Notice may obtain!

" Nor ſure, as Human Health ſways more Your Care,
" Than, as with Some, the Luſhious Gilt Affair
" (This your Celeſtial Charities atteſt,
" Quotidian portray'd on each grateful Breaſt)
" Can *Villa*'s airy Mart of Life and Bliſs
" Breath uneſteemed by Your Learned Rays.

Plead, Muſe, how freſh her Native Odours flow!
How from each Point new fragrant Sweets they blow!
Nor is her Balmy *Eppen* Plain outdone
By, or the *Gravel-Pits*, or *Kenſington*.

Chaſt [1] *Lea*'s miſſive Moiſt her Summer-heat
Re-cools; with Dry her Forreſt blends her Wet.
Tepid *Auguſta*'s Salient Fumes South-Weſt
Temper the Rigors of the bluſtring Eaſt:
Warm ſandy Drowths, blown from her North, defy
Thames well-digeſted Southern Tyranny;
Become thus, nor too Hot, nor Moiſt, nor Dry.

And now, Bleſt Sages, can a Vill ſo Pure
Eſcape, ſay Muſe, Your Obſervation more?

O, as to cool the raging [2] *Cardian* Fires,
Celeſtial *Salus* Sapient You inſpires,
The Vital [3] Forge of Nature to repair,
Eſteeming thus a Principle, the Air;
Send, Courteous Sirs, your Crazy Charges here!

[1] *The River from whence* Leighton *derives its Name.*

[2] *Heat of the Heart.*

[3] *Lungs.*

Yet,

Yet, when ſome ſcragged Miſer, almoſt ſlain
By 's own abſtemious Penury of Coin,
Creeps, tho repinant at the dreadful Coſt,
To Him as dreadful, as to Us His Ghoſt,
And begs Your ſuccouring Aids to heal his Pain,
And plump his raw-bon'd Skeleton again:

Thrice Worthy *Medics*, ſay, ne'er ſend him here
Thus to diſgrace our *Villa*'s Lib'ral Air!
So ſure the Hunks will rather chooſe to die,
Than *Villa*'s Healthy Hunger gratify;
'Twill quite undo his Avarice, to feed
Th' eſurient Cravings of ſuch ſawcy Need.

O, may ſuch Goalers of impriſon'd Coin,
Rather diſpatch Themſelves Their uſeleſs Gain
To ſome Wiſe Heir, more Generous and Brave,
(It to replevy from its Night) to leave;
Yet with a Prudence, or to ſpend, or ſave!
——— But, *Æſculapian* Sirs, when e're
Some *Valetudinarian* Youth, Your Care,
And Hopeful Darling of the Muſe's Dear,
Some faint *Maraſmus*, or Conſumptive Waſte
Threatens to nip in 's Bloſſom-prime, o're-caſt
With hov'ring Death, depriving thus the Age
Of early Nature's promiſing Preſage;

O ſend the with'ring Bloom to *Villa*'s Soil
To cool the Proceſs of the raging Ill!

And, Muſe, if not it too Preſumptuous be, —
Invite the Favourite to come to Thee;
But, ſay, Thy Noſtrum is Philology!

Now,

Now, Muſe, come leave the Wealthy Town at Weſt;
(What! Thy *Auguſta* ever ſway Thy Breaſt!)
And from the Level of Thy Plain a-while
Up-mount Thy Optics to the *Greenwich-Hill!*

Or may I rather Thee, my Toy, perſwade
To climb her Airy Southern *Atlas* Head,
And thence Thy fertile wide-ſtretch'd Valley view,
And thence the Silver *Thameſis* below:

But firſt (ſure Firſt Heav'n claims Thy Loftieſt Love)
View from Her Height the rowling Orbs above.

Come; hie Thee quick! 'tis but a Walk, and go,
And beg Grave *Flamſtead*'s Heav'nly Muſe to ſhow
Forth from the Baſis of Her [a] Noon-day-Night;
Or, if, to creep ſo low, it Thee affright,
Intreat Her in ſome lucid Ev'nings Clear,
Shed gliſtring round her comprehenſive Sphere,
With her Gigantic high-built Optic Eye
(Old gogling *Polyphemes* not half ſo High!)
Down to Thy View to pull the quiv'ring Clouds,
And ſhow Thee all the Poets Demy-Gods;
And ſhow Thee how the Large and Leſſer Bear
Eternal turn it round Their giddy Sphere;
Yet ne'er permitted are beneath to ſink,
And cool Their Thirſt with *Thetis* Ocean-Drink.

Next ask the Sage, my Muſe (but by the by)
What ſtrange ungovernable Star on High
Within Great *Urſa*'s Northern Tail it was,
The Firſt unexemplary itching Cauſe,
A *Ceſar* ſent to revel here from far,
And learn the Art of unſucceſsful War!

[a] *The Well to view the Stars in.*

[b] *Never ſetting in our Horizon.*

This Shown; the Waggoner of *Charles*'s Wain,
Crusty *Bootes*, call; and tell the Man,
If, or a [1] Thiller, or a prime Fore-Mare,
Dog-cheap he wants, to *Rome* he must repair
Forthwith (They 're quite a Drug) and choose the Bay;
Or, if he fancy 't most, the Dapple Gray;
Brisk Jades for Burden Both, right *Spanish* THIS,
THAT a True *Austrian* sure-pac'd Jennet is.

[1] Vid. *Monthly Mercurys for* July *and* August, *pag.* 240, *and* 275. *giving a comical Account of the Tender of a Gray Mare (taken out of a Cart) by the* Spanish *Ambassador to the Pope, for the Investiture of* Naples; *who notwithstanding refused it, commending at the same the Behaviour of the Imperial Agent.*

Yet wink him, Muse, for fear he take the worse;
" The Gray Mare now is not the Better Horse;
The subtle Pontiff han't so long astride
The Royal *European* Coursers rid,
But well by 's Eye the hallow'd Jocky knows
The Bay, that nor o'rethrows, nor kicks, to choose;
Tho Both the *Macchiavel* must now refuse.

And, when enough Thou 'st view'd the Frozen Pole,
The fiery Ram, the Crab, the rampant Bull,
And how the am'rous hugging [2] *Gemini*
Successive live, successive choose to die,
Dividing equal Immortality;

[2] Castor *and* Pollux, *Celestial Signs.*

Or how Chaste *Virgo* with her dazling Grace
From *Leo*'s Rage secures the *Zodaic*-Race;

And how the artful Warming-pan of *Rome*,
Inclusive [3] *Warbeck*'s *Welch* ingendring Womb,
Shines canonized with its Brazen Ray
High o're the Zenith of blank *Modena!*

[3] *Prince of* Wales.

These with a transient View, my Muse, survey'd
(For, Child, fictitious these no Moral need
Or claim, or challenge from an *Albion* Eye,
That scorns, or Old, or New *Rome*'s Piety)

Be ſure Thou o're and o're, which Moſt, which Beſt
Excites the Ardors of an humble Breaſt,
Read and obſerve with ſelf-reflexive Fear
Divine [1] *Aſtræa* in her Libral Sphere;
And ever tell Thy ſilent Thought, how She
Above a Bribe, above Partiality
Weighs and admenſurates in equal Scale
Rewards congenial to, or Good, or Ill!

[1] Libra; *the Sign.*

Nor values She, my Muſe, a Regal Frown!
Unballanc'd is Her juſt Affection;
But, if the Soveraign Chiefs, Themſelves too Light
To poiſe the Juſtice of Their injur'd State,
Forth from the *Diſcus* of her reeling Scale
Wrathful ſhe turns, o'returns the Royal Frail
At once (ſo ſlippery Their Height!) in One
Unalterable Revolution.

Here pray the Learn'd Aſtronomer to ſhow
(For that no Secret is which all may know)
How, when th' unhappy Monarchs *Roman* Slight
Hung counter-ſhiving with Religion's Weight,
Up flew the ſcantling Ballance to the Beam,
And thus the Abdicated Cauſe Supreme
Abandon'd ſwift to *Naſſau*'s ponderous Fame!

Next, if thou can'ſt (but This Prophetic is,
Inwrapt in Heav'ns recluſive Myſterys;
Nor is He blameable, whoſe cautious Will
Shuns to declare its augurating Skill,
Which, if found True, ſublimes His Honour Great;
But, if Concordant never er'e it hit,
Sinks the deſponding Man's well-meaning Breaſt,
With harſh reflexive Infamy depreſt)

Yet,

Yet, if Thy prying Av'rice can prevail;
Beſeech the Venerable Sage to tell
As the unfolded Secrecy He reads;
(Heav'ns Starry Letters write its Myſtic Meeds)
How, tho the Empire and the *Belgian* Aids,
With Neuter *Italy*'s cloſe Craft thrown in,
Scarce yet the Ballance from the Ground was ſeen
To riſe Submiſſive, yet no ſooner cou'd
Juſt *Naſſau*, pois'd with Senatorial Load,
Tread the Confed'rate [1] Penſile Scale; but ſwift
Its fierce deſcending Plunge up-rais'd a Drift
The feeble guileful League; and One and All
Kick'd up whole *Gallia*, *Spain*, and *Portugal*;
Whilſt *Rome*'s glad Pontiff bleſt the riſing Fall;
Pleas'd to inveſt the long-ſuſpended Claim
Of *Naples* Crown on *Auſtria*'s Rightful Name;
As [2] Muſhroom, dazled at his tickliſh Height,
Peeps down, and trembles at his Fall in ſight;
Then bids, with *Modena*, the Throne good Night;
Home pack'd again, with little *Perk* to deal
Imaginary Crowns at Croſs and Pile,
Taught better Manners, than to Trick and Steal,
And, like His Grandſire, ſpurious Forge a Will.

Now, Muſe, be ſure (Thy chiefeſt Errand This
To Heav'ns deep Aſtronomic Myſteries;
O ne'er forget the Charge!) if far beyond
[3] *Iberia*'s *Gallic* [4] *Pyrenean* Bound
Remotely South, below the ſcorched Line
Thrice Ten Degrees, and more (ſo far Divine
Religion from His Breaſt the Royal He
Has faithleſs Exil'd with His Perjury)

[1] *Hanging aloft, weigh'd up before by the heavier Power of* France, Spain, *&c.*

[2] *K. of* Spain.

[3] Spain. [4] Pyrenean *Mountains, the Bounds of* Spain *from* France; *where the Renunciation was ſign'd.*

Thou

Thou chance t' eſpy the [1] Altar's hallow'd Throne,
The Witneſs of the Renunciation;
When Twiring *Lewis* with diſſembling Craft
At Credulous *Iberia*'s Treaty laught,
E'en in the Sacred Shrine reſolv'd its Truth
To trick with Sham-prevaricating Oath:

Bid, bid the Holy Pile with ſuppliant Cry
Loud importune the rowzed Deity,
With injur'd *Naſſaw*'s, or ſtern *Eugene*'s Steel,
To ſcourge the *Gallic* Treachery of Hell!

Thrice beg, my Muſe, th' Avengeful Pow'rs above,
As their own Verity Supreme They love,
Back the [2] Lieutenant-King t' His Sire to move.

And, Muſe, intreat, no New Partition more
May juſtify a falſe Uſurper's Pow'r;
Himſelf the Vaſſal of the *Albion* Throne,
Nor rightful wears the Crown, he calls his own.
Heav'ns bleſs us with his Abdication!
Or War we muſt; or tamely be undone!

Next, if not to the Mighty [3] *Archimede*
Too troubleſome Thy Queries, intercede,
And beg the Eying [4] *Tube* to beckon near
Down from the Orbs *Naſſaw*'s Courageous Star,
New burniſh'd poinant for the Needful War!

Its Site, my Muſe, and Regionary Part
In Martial *Herc'les* is, or 's Head, or [5] Heart.

And, if its Parallel Thou crav'ſt to ſee,
Blazing a-new in Bright [6] *Caſſiope*;
Bid the Aſtrologiſt again to ſhow
('Tis worth a Golden Univerſe to know)

[1] *A Star, or Conſtellation, ſo call'd in the South Latitude.*

[2] *Vid.* Anguis in Herbâ; *A new Treatiſe worthy of a general Peruſal.*

[3] *Aſtronomer.*

[4] *Optic Glaſs.*

[5] *A Star nam'd* Cor Herculis, *in Aſtronomy.*

[6] *A famous Star that appear'd in* Caſſiope, *before the Great* Guſtavus Adolphus, *King of* Swedeland, *made his Martial Entrance on the Theatre of the World.*

How That, when *Naſſau* [1] broke the Crimſon *Boyne*,
This, when the Young *Adolphus* plow'd the [2] *Dwine*,
Glar'd with a torrid Augury of Shine!

[1] *The Aſt ſo called in* Ireland.
[2] *The River the preſent King of* Swedeland *croſt, beating the* Saxons *intrench'd on the other ſide.*

Now, Muſe, from Heav'n bring down Thy ſatiate Ken,
And view the promis'd Proſpect of the Plain!
Enough the *Tube*, enough Thou'ſt tir'd the Man!

May *Flamſtead* Thee Celeſtial Wonders ſhow!
I'le on the Earth for Thee Survey below.

Doſt ſee but juſt beneath the [3] Hilly Baſe
Yon Noble Æquilat'ral [4] Seat? My Muſe,
The Loyal *Romny*'s Court Auguſt it is,
Antique and Great its Honour too, like His.

[3] Greenwich-Hill, *from whence She takes her View.*
[4] *A Noble Houſe in* Greenwich.

Here, Muſe, the Fam'd [5] *Eliza* drew her Breath;
Here Vertuous [6] *Edward* bow'd to envious Death.

[5] *Queen* Elizabeth.
[6] Edward *VI.*

Sweet Heav'nly Prince, or hadſt Thou never Liv'd;
Or ne'er ſo ſoon forſook Thy Iſland griev'd!

But, Muſe, can juſt-portraictur'd [7] *Tudor* die,
Whilſt *Naſſau* breaths His Royal Piety,
And bleſſes *Greenwich* with his Sacred Eye?

[7] *Sir-Name of* Edw. 6.
His Majeſty dining there lately.

What, my [8] Inquiſitive! This Pile Divine,
The riſing Tranſcript of th' *Epheſian* Shrine,
Or *Naſſau*'s *Belgian Loo*'s Majeſtic Dome,
How call'd, wou'dſt know? The [9] *Noſocomium*;
So Sweet, ſo Beauteous too, Thou ſeeſt, what He,
To purchaſe ſuch a Golden Poverty,
A Martial Wound wou'd ſhun, and not his All
Expoſe for *Auſtria*'s Victory o're *Gaul?*

[8] *Muſe.*
[9] *Hoſpital.*

Yon Creek, my Muſe, [1] harbour'd the Lordly *Dane*:
This Shore bemoan'd the Holy [2] *Ealphege* Slain.

[1] Daniſh *Harbour for Shipping.*
[2] *An Archbiſhop of* Canterbury *ſlain here by the* Danes.

Deptford to Weſt the Royal Navy builds:
Tunbridge to South, Chalybeat Phyſic yields.

Woolwich beneath yon Torry [3] Sable Hill
Prides her vaſt Matrix of the Floating [4] Iſle.

[3] Black-Heath, *Torry, Mountainous.*
[4] Royal Soveraign *built there.*

Berkin oblique, croſs the Luxuriant Stream,
Spreads her penurious Fiſhery o're *Thame*;
Once, Muſe, a Pop'lous Mart, when th' *Roman* Pride
Its Luſt with luſhious Faſtings mortify'd!

Eltham to [5] Eaſt laments Her ruinous [6] Woes:
Dartford beyond *Watt*'s Rebel-Members ſhows.

[5] *Of* Greenwich.
[6] *Once a Royal Palace.*

This to [7] *Darvernum*'s Primate [8] Temple leads;
That to Meandring [9] *Darents* Wealthy Meads,
Beauteous ennobled with Majeſtic [10] *Knoll*,
Sagacious *Dorſet*'s Courtly Capitol.

[7] Wat Tyler, *An Arch-Rebel.*
[8] Canterbury.
[9] *A River in* Kent.
[10] *A famous Houſe near* Seven-Oakes.

Nor leſs, than Such a Comprehenſive Houſe,
Beſeems the Patron of Smooth *Prior*'s Muſe,
Deep, Clear, Conciſe, yet Copious in One,
By None, but *Dorſet*'s *Flaccan* Air, out-done.

Quick! Quick, My Muſe, recal Thy vagrant Eye,
And view Theſe Golden Groves, juſt, juſt a-floating by!

Bleſt Scene! How ſweet the Canvaſs-Bloſſoms ſpread,
And on the Flood Their dropping Luſtre ſhed,
Waſhing Their Silver Sails projected Bright,
Double reflected by the Surges White!

Hail

Hail 'em, My Muſe, and wiſh the plowing Train
A Proſp'rous Sea, and Rich Return again!
And charge the Convoy, or He dies be ſure,
Them, and the *Albion* Honour to ſecure:
" Or claim the Flag, Him bid, or elſe diſclaim His Pow'r.

And, if Their New-born Royal Soveraign They
Meet on the Boſom of the foaming Sea;
Bid the Metropolis ſtretch o're to *Gaul*;
Then ſteer it South to crafty *Portugal*,
And tell the Hero's, in Her Sulph'rous Womb
Is lodg'd, if *Philip* quit not *Spain*, Their Doom.

See, Muſe, how fleet They wing the Charge away!
Thus tranſient glides Life's ſwift-inclining Ray,
And wafts our Moments to Eternal Day.

So on the Waves below, the *Albion* Shrine
Her Saints imboſoms to the Port Divine,
Safe Piloted to Heav'ns calm Reſt to come
By *Lambeths* and fam'd *Ebor*'s Præſuls Home.

Lambeth, my Muſe! See where to Weſt it lies,
Mounting aloft Her Pontiffs Sacrifice,
Spreading around its wide Provincial Fume,
Triumphant riſing o're the Frauds of *Rome!*

Sad threatning Fate! yet haply then reverſt
In Heav'ns decreed Prophecy, when firſt
Preſaging *Neſtor*, *Wimbledon*'s Serene
Mecænas, match'd to *Naſſau*'s Arms the Queen:
Compleat the Bliſs in Fact, when *Neſtor*'s Sway
The Conſorts uſher'd to Their Royal Ray,
And tore from *Gaul* the Captive Iſle, a Prey.

There,

There, there, more yet to Weſt, a Point by South,
Steer up Thy Eye direct from [1] *Vandal*'s Mouth,
An eaſy double Mile, Thy Patriot's Dome
Blazons its [2] Second Victory o're *Rome*
Wits ſtanding *Burſa* and [3] *Emporium*.

Sweet Pile! How raviſh'd is My Muſe to view
Her Patron emblem'd by Thy Pompous Brow!
O may She wing from hence o're *Thames* ſwift Flood
The fragrant Impreſs of Her Gratitude!
A Debt, too Great, too Wealthy, to diſcharge
Unleſs, Bleſt Heav'n, by Thy Capacious Large;
O, as Great *Neſtor* Mine, be Thou His Patronage!

But, Muſe, deſcend to Thy forſaken Home!
Too long Thy ſtay at *Romny*'s [4] *Tuſculum*;
Impatient *Villa*, *Villa*, bids Thee come.
Her Pop'lous [5] Tranſit, and unſung Delight,
Her cooling Grotts, inwreath'd with Sable Night,
Or Airy Views on *Eppen*'s Neighb'ring Plain;
Or Spicy Freſhes from Her *Lea*'s Main
Inſpire, and bid Thee from Theſe Topicks New
Her New, unnamed, Native Pleaſures ſhew!

Say, what a numerous thick-throng'd Reſort
(Not *Rome*'s [6] *Flaminean* to, or from, her Court
In Her *Ceſarean* celebrated Pride,
When Regent *Rome* was higheſt dignify'd,
Luxuriant more could pour ——)
With fiery Energy of Man and Horſe
Wing their inceſſant, ſwift, ſucceſſive Courſe
Diurnal from *Auguſta*'s Sultry Town
With Airy *Villa*'s equi-temper'd Zone
To cool *Sol*'s Summer-Conflagration;

[1] *River running into the* Thames, *near* Wandſworth.

[2] Wimbledon-Houſe, *built in the famous Year* 88, *by Sir* Thomas Cecil, *with a Ship on its Front, in Memory of the Victory gain'd over the* Spaniards. *An Emblem, not leſs befitting his Grace's Providential Matching the King and Queen, or alſo his induſtrious Aſſiſtance in placing them on the Throne, to the utter ruin of the Popiſh Intereſt.*

[3] *Mart.*

[4] *A Town in* Italy *not far from* Rome, *famous for many Palaces and noble Edifices.*

[5] *Thorough-fare.*

[6] *A famous Highway leading to* Rome.

As thus, a luſhious Breeze to ſnatch, They come,
And it imboſom in the Ev'ning Home.

Nor frequent leſs from *Humber*'s Frozen Coaſt,
Or farther North, in mighty Clans full Poſt
For Wealth, or Pleaſure, to *Auguſta*'s Town
(Known ſeldom to re-view again Their own)
Impetuous They wisk with glowing Hear,
And rouze the Surges of Her Sandy Street.

Say too, How from Learn'd [a] *Cams* Religious School
Quotidian paſs the Sacred Prophets, full
Of ſtrong Polemic Sapience Divine,
Studious ſublim'd for *Paul*'s Prætorian Shrine,
To mawl *Socinus*, or the *Hobbiſt* Train:

Or with chaſt *Vertus* well-pen'd Praxis, dreſt
Soft and Perſwaſive to allure the Breaſt,
Raviſh and Rhetorize the Soul to Reſt.

This, Muſe, Thy Beauteous Pleaſure oft to view!
And, when with This repaſt grown Satiate Thou;
Or that (for no Perfection 's here below)
Thy Air, with ſalient Sands o're ſoyl'd, Thee moves
To ſit Serene beneath the Neighb'ring Groves;
(For Furious Some, e'en from the Duſt, They raiſe,
Court with a ſwift Career Their prided Praiſe:
A Brave Heroic Act, as Such preſume,
Their well-ſteep'd Brains to pulverize with Fume,
And gallop gallant from their Reaſon Home!)

When thus it is; or that the verdant Wood
It ſelf invites Thy Appetite Abroad,
Silent to read with Thy inſatiate Eyes
The remnant Emblems of Loſt Paradiſe,

[a] Cambridge.

In Nature's Flowry Innocence expreſt;

If thus Thy pious Melancholic Breaſt
Thou'dſt yet more ſublimate, more yet improve;
Take Sacred *Laureat*'s [1] Pſalmody of Love;
And Read, and Sigh, and Sing, and bleeding Pray!

Or wouldſt Thou climb to Heav'ns Incarnate Day,
Read, Muſe, Heroic [2] *Weſtly*'s Epic Lay.

Or if (which in This Age too few are ſeen)
A well portraictur'd Vertus Plan Divine
Thou'dſt chooſe, take ſighing *Congreve* on the Queen.

And now, when penſive grown (for ſurely Theſe
An Heav'nly Ardor in Thy Breaſt muſt raiſe)
With ſome warm Extaſy of Sacred Love
Thou 'rt mov'd t' elate Thy Earthly Heart Above;
And that Thou woud'ſt in ſome [3] Meandring Stream
Contemplate there Thy Nature's Fun'ral Theme,
And view the Proceſs of Thy flitting Breath
With ſwift Irrevocable Turns to Death;
Death, Muſe, not certain leſs, than thus the Waves
Conclude Their Labours in the Ocean-Graves:

When thus diſpos'd; Bright [4] *Lea*, pav'd with Sky,
Clear as chaſt Innocence, invites Thy Eye,
To read Thy Exit to Eternity.

Poor *Lea*, Thou! How once a Pompous Flood,
Till (when the proud inſulting [5] *Pagan* Wood,
[6] Lord of Thy harraſt and conſumed Shore,
Plou'd Thy luxuriant Main ſix Leagues and more
Victorious up thy Waves) the *Saxon* He
Cut the Puiſſance of Thy ebbing Sea,

And

[1] *Excellent Tranſlation of the Pſalms by Mr. Tate.*

[2] Weſtly's *Life of Chriſt, an Heroic Poem.*

[3] *Various-Turning.*

[4] *River* Lea, *anciently* Ligan, *riſing above* Ware, *and continuing its Courſe thro the Marſhes to the River* Thames.

[5] Daniſh *Fleet.*

[6] An. Dom. 896. *The* Danes *having drawn their Ships up the River* Ligan (*now* Lea) *near* Ware, *it hapn'd one Day as K.* Alfred *was riding near the River ſide, He found a Place where it might be ſo divided that the* Danes *ſhould not carry back their Ships; which accordingly He effected.* Tyr. Hiſt. Vol. 1. l. 5.

And left Thee bleeding from Thy wounded Side
The lucid Gore of Thy conſumptive Tyde;
Not yet redeemable by *Burleigh*'s Pain,
Succeſsleſs ſpent to heal Thy broken Vein.

[1] *The Lord* Burleigh *made ſome Attempts to reſtore the Channel; but the ſhallowneſs of the preſent Stream, intimates either the Imperfection of his Work, or the ſmallneſs of the* Daniſh *Ships.*

Say, *Lea*, ſay, which yet without a Smile
(So ſweet the Recompence of well-paid Ill!)
Thou can'ſt not do; how the forſaken Keels,
Hurl'd to Their groning Sides beneath Thy Vales,
All on Thy helpleſs Dry becalmed ſtood
Faſt on the Shoals again a rooted Wood,
Become a Booty to *Auguſta*'s Arms,
As in a mighty Flood, pour'd out in Swarms
The Hoſtile Vulturs hovering ſurround
The Oaken Carcaſſes upon the Ground,
And with contentious Eager from Thy Shore
Prows, Cables, Decks and Cabbins rav'nous bore
Triumphant home, faſt with the Rigging bound,
Them, or to dedicate on hallow'd Ground,
Carv'd ſuperſtitious into Croſſes High;
Or pil'd in mighty heaps aloft to fry,
And light their rough-hewn [2] Sea-Gods to the Sky.

[2] *Horn.*

Moſt wondrous Conqueſt o're the Lordly *Dane*,
Unparallel'd, till by the Fair Sex All were ſlain!

Great *Alfred* This, my Muſe, a *Naſſaw* He
Præ-born; or *Naſſaw*, *Alfred* ſeems to be!
Yet ever *Lea* moans Her Penury.

Now, Muſe, that nothing may be wanting yet
T' adorn thy *Vill*'s Felicity compleat;
Thy Remnant Strains from *Lea*'s Shallows bring,
And next Thy *Eppen*'s wide-ſtretch'd Champaign ſing!

Eppen,

Eppen, the Regent of the woody Isle,
When Wise [1] *Elisa* blest Her with Her Smile
Above the inauspicious [2] *Belgan* Plain
(Scorn'd for the Royal Gore of *Rufus* Slain,
Did not the Sacred-budding Oak retrieve
Her wither'd Honour, and yet bid Her Live).

Muse, too above wide *Sherwood*'s Northern Brow,
By *Nassaw* lov'd co-adequate to *Loo*;
Or *Windsor*'s Naval Nurseries, that spread
Far West from *Cooper*'s-Hill Their Airy Head:

Nor These, nor All, cou'd then obtain the Day;
Crown'd *Eppen* bore the Royal Praise away.

Nor less of Fame deserves sweet *Eppen* still:
The Same (tho clouded is the Regal Smile)
The Courtly Favourite, forsook, appears:
A Just Disgrace, not a Dislike, e're marrs
Th' unsulli'd Honour of the Nobler Stars.

Say, ye *Westphalian* [3] *Wanstead*'s blooming Groves;
And Chesnut-Avenues, the verdant Loves
Once, Now the Heralds of *Josiah*'s Name;
Ye 's ever crescent Monuments of Fame!
(*Josiah*, Muse! The *Albion Cræsus* He,
A Potent Brow, engrav'd with Policy
Sagacious-deep a Diadem to wear;
Or some new-moulded Monarchy to rear,
Had not an humble Loyalty possest
The inambitious Ardors of His Breast,
Devote to th' *Albion* Trade and Interest;)

[1] *Queen* Elizabeth *kept her Court at* Wanstead *House, on* Eppen *Forrest.*

[2] *New Forrest in* Hampshire, *to make which* William *the* Conqueror *destroy'd several Towns. Here 'twas* William Rufus *was accidentally slain with an Arrow, as he was hunting. On the North side of this Forrest is the famous Oak that buds on* Christmas-*Day, and withers before Night. K.* Charles II. *order'd it to be rail'd about.*

[3] *A pleasant Villa on the Forrest near* Leighton-Stone, *made very delicious by the new Plantations Sir* Josiah Child *has honour'd it with.*

Say, vaulted [1] *Grotts* (if Such delicious Pride,
So raviſhing, as thus the Beauteous [2] Lad
Himſelf beheld carv'd on the Naval Glaſs,
Can from the Charms of its reflexive Grace
The borrow'd Glimpſes of its pondring View
On Feats ſo Military e're beſtow)

Tell, what Equeſtrian Chivalry, the Boaſt,
And Errant Proweſs of the Youthful Hoſt
(Quotidian levy'd for the Peaceful War
By *Clarion*'s ſounding Alchymy a-far,
From arm'd *Auguſta*, or from *Stratford*'s Plain,
Or [3] *Durolitum*'s low-remov'd Champaign;
Or from prolific [4] *Rodings* Silver Stream,
Lending Her *Villas* both Her Waves and Name)
Glad *Eppen* yet beholds; Moſt Chief that Day,
When (Muſe, ſing brief the Venatorial Lay!)
The Beamy Stag, the Soveraign of the Groves,
Forſook, abandon'd by His tim'rous Loves,
(Tho ſworn Allegiant unto Him, Their Chief,
As from His Crown They held the Lawn in Fief
By ſome Old *Mantuan* Tenure) Nobly bow'd,
And ſtain'd the Crimſon of His Royal Blood:

What Blaze on *Eppen* then of Men and Horſe,
Paving with Thunders the inflamed Courſe?

So flew the winged *Gauls* from *Carpi*'s Flood;
So Them the *Auſtrian* Troops in th' Heat of Blood
Fiery, Fierce, Furious behind purſu'd!

So have I ſeen; (if thus We may compare
To Things more Noble, Things that humbler are)

[1] *Grotts; Cheſs-nuts, and Abel-Trees, moſt delightfully planted round two vaſt Fiſh-ponds on the Forreſt, projecting their Beauty on the Water.*

[2] *Narciſſus, who ſeeing his own Beauty in the Water, pin'd away thro love of himſelf.*

[3] Low-Leighton.

[4] *A River in Eſſex, which after it has given its Name to ſeveral Villages, runs by* Berking *into the* Thames.

In Some fam'd Baly-hunt the Debitôre,
All with a loud obſtreperous up-roar
By Catchpole *Woodſtreet*'s hungry Bumbs purſu'd,
The Bumbs by Law and Creditors halloo'd,
Cut it from Pillar unto Poſt around,
Meaſuring at Priſon-Baſe the flying Ground,
Spurring impetuous His gored Horſe,
As (like Some Rampant Tar a-ſhore, in Purſe
Fluſh'd with His Naval Wages from *White-Hall*,
Mounted on groning Steed to ſpend it all)
Both Hands aloft thrown out, quite mad H' out-hales
At once all Nature's Energy of Sails,
Arms, Legs and Feet, beyond a Swift Expreſs,
His brainleſs Motion ſuch, as now with Theſe
He pummels fierce His Palfry's lab'ring Sides,
And now with Them beating His own He rides.

Whilſt yet, not far behind the Sponger's ſpeed,
Reſolv'd to make the luſhious Knav'ry bleed;
Who ſtill (for ever apprehenſive Fear
Out-diſtance can the moſt intenſe Career)
Or with his doubling Tacks about, and Turns,
Or ſwifter Streight-Lin'd Courſe the Foe out-runs;
Impatient breathing, till He gain the Stream,
And croſs the Channel of protective *Thame*;
There, or in *Southwark*, or in *Horſtydown*
Crouchant to blink the Hounds, ſtill following on.

Who ſoon, ſo quick Their Scent; Him there ſmell out,
And thence him ferret with a Second Rout;
Till in the Thickets of *Alſatia*
Intrencht, He boldly ſtands it out at Bay,
Fighting the eager Cannibals, half ſlain,
As with a *Cyclops* Fury on Their Brain,

Arm'd

Arm'd with the Kitchin Utenſils of War,
Torn furious from the ready Rack-Hooks near,
The pop'lous Bankrupts with Confed'rate Rage
Their thick-dealt Thunders and loud Peals diſcharge,
Grown Mercyleſs; till girt with Martial Pow'r
Auguſta's Sheriffs, or the emptied Tow'r
Relieves Their pickled Excellence again,
Seizing the Runnagate, confin'd to drain
His honeſt Conſcience of his Silver Coin.

So falls the Debtor: Thus on *Eppen*'s Plain
The Reſtive Stag Magnanimous was ſlain.

Pleas'd-Youthful War! The oft repeated Sport
Of Healthy *Leighton*'s numerous Reſort!

But, Muſe, return from *Eppen*'s Airy Point!
Time calls for School; Thy play-ward Hour is ſpent.
Nor Grammar, Rhet'rick, nor the Claſſic Throng,
Nor Mathematicks, nor the Muſic Song,
Or Gallic Dialect improve, if e're
Thou leave, I hope, Thy proſp'rous weighty Care!

So Choice, ſo Precious too, Youth's blooming Prime!
Or Now They Marr; or Now They Build Their Fame!

A

PINDARICK

ON

Prince *EUGENE*;

Being part of a larger ENCOMIUM *on his Heroick* BRAVERY; *ſpeedily deſign'd by the ſame Author for the Preſs.*

1.

HAST, Potent Genius, Haſt away!
The Victim-*Gauls* a-wait, Thy Prey;
Nor *Alps*, nor Floods oppoſe a Stay:
Theſe ſink a Tranſit through Their Tyde;
They to level Plains ſubſide;
Eugene, *Eugene* They obey:
Whole Nature ſtrives to humble *Gallia*'s Pride.

2.

Wither'd Flow'r-de-Luce, no more
Boaſt Thy Self-deſtructive Pow'r;
Slow are *Auſtria*'s Arms, but Sure!
Call the Haughty *Spaniſh* Don,
The Golden Traitor of His Crown;

Call Thy *Orleance* Treach'rous Son,
To ſee Thy Plumy Brav'ry run!
[a] Portugal. Bid the [a] *Luſitanian* too
View, and Feel Thy ſinking Woe;
View Thy bafflʼd Rage, undone!

3.

Decreed it is; Thy Time is come:
Thy Perjury exerts Thy Doom!
Proſcribʼd *Aſtræa* weighs Thy Fate;
Victorious *Eugene* ſtorms Thy Gate:
Repent Thou canſt 't; Thy Sin ſo Great!
Nor all Thy drainʼd inſolvent Veins of Blood
Can re-imburſe the Sacred Efflux Spilt;
Nor all the Surges of Thy Flood
Waſh Thy loud-tonguʼd Crimſon Guilt.
Ruin, Ruin, *Gallia*, muſt
Atone Thy *Lewis* Sanguine Luſt!
Ruin, Ruin, *Gaul*, alone,
Or Thy Renunciation
Reinſtates Thy Honour Juſt!

4.

Tottʼring *Gallia*, claim no more,
Or *Sicilia*'s *Auſtrian* Crown;
Or *Naples* juſt Imperial Throne;
Pale Woe preſents Thee Her Inveſtiture;
Secure (if *Gallia* can) Thy Own!
Go, *Thraſos*, go! At [a] *Carpi*'s Wave
[a] Carpi's Wave, viz. *the River near it.* Challenge the Field Your Own, a Grave,
The Free-Feoff-Tenure of the conquerʼd Slave

At *Chiari* too
Out-brave the Foe
Afraid, unlike *Gaul*'s valiant Hoſt,
By Myriad-Heaps below to poſt;
Or e're retreat from *Oglio!*
Thus, *Eugene*, thus a *Naſſaw* Thou!
Thus write, "I came; I ſaw; I conquer'd too.
And bid Mad *Lewis*, when His Fortune fails,
Nor more His Piſtol-Victory prevails,
For Spight proclaim the Bubble Prince of *Wales*.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM
7 DE 70

FINIS